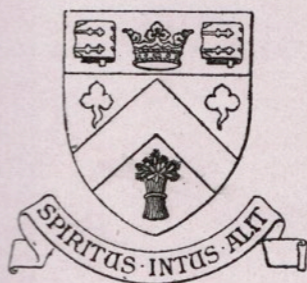


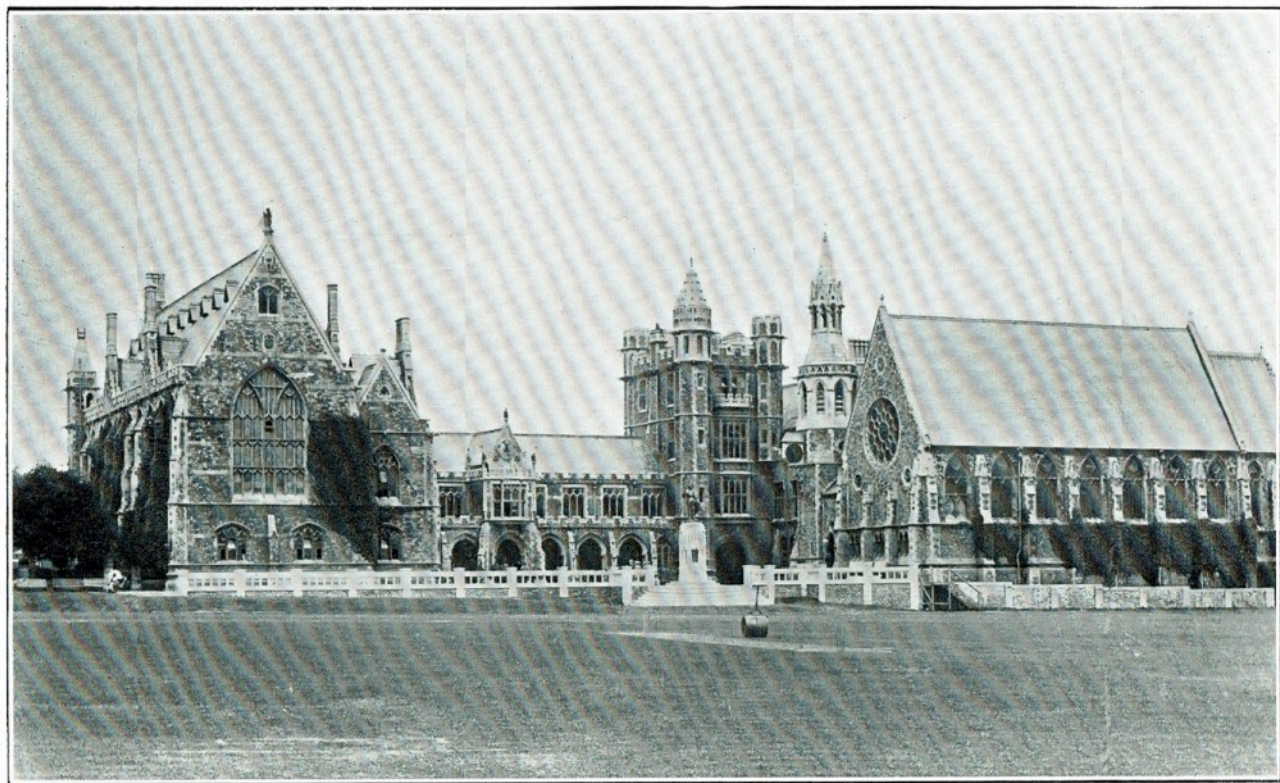
THE MEMORIAL  
TO  
OLD CLIFTONIANS  
WHO FELL IN THE  
SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.



JULY, 1904.



THE MEMORIAL  
TO  
OLD CLIFTONIANS  
WHO FELL IN THE  
SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.



### Old Cliftonians

whose Names are Recorded on the Memorial.

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- L. D. BLACKBURN, Capt. The Cameronians; with Rhodesia Regt. Died of wounds received in action near Fort Tuli, October 22nd, 1899.
- J. T. MACDOUGALL, Lieut. 42nd Battery Royal Field Artillery. Killed at Farquhar's Farm, near Ladysmith, October 30th, 1899.
- A. C. STARK, Civil Surgeon. Killed in Ladysmith, November 18th, 1899.
- H. SCOTT TURNER, Brevet Major Black Watch; Special Service Officer. Killed in a sortie from Kimberley, November 28th, 1899.
- L. W. LONG, 2nd-Lieut. King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry. Killed at Modder River. November 28th, 1899.
- N. H. VERTUE, Capt. The Buffs; Brigade Major, 11th Brigade. Killed at Spion Kop, January 24th, 1900.
- F. MURRAY, Capt. The Cameronians. Killed at Spion Kop, January 24th, 1900.
- P. F. NEWNHAM, Lieut. Indian Staff Corps; with Thorneycroft's Horse. Killed at Spion Kop, January 24th, 1900.
- W. L. THURBURN, Capt. Royal Fusiliers. Killed on Hlangwane Hill, near Chieveley, February 19th, 1900.
- R. H. C. COË, Lieut. King's Own Royal Lancaster Regt. Killed near Pieters, Natal, February 22nd, 1900.
- C. H. HINTON, Lieut. East Surrey Regt. Killed near Pieters, Natal, February 23rd, 1900.
- S. D. BARROW, Lieut. Royal Engineers. Died of fever at Modder River, March 8th, 1900.

- A. C. GOING, Capt. King's Own Scottish Borderers. Killed at Karee, near Bloemfontein, March 29th, 1900.
- W. M. MARTER, Capt. King's Dragoon Guards; Brigade Major, 14th Brigade. Died at Bloemfontein of wounds received at Karee, April 3rd, 1900.
- C. W. BOYLE, Lieut. Imperial Yeomanry, and Capt. of the Banbury Troop of the Queen's Own Oxfordshire Hussars. Killed at Pietfontein, near Boshof, April 5th, 1900.
- C. K. ELWORTHY, Capt. 6th Dragoon Guards (Carabiniers). Killed at Zand River, May 10th, 1900.
- H. P. ROGERS, Capt. Wiltshire Regt. Died of enteric at Bloemfontein, May 13th, 1900.
- D. G. SEAGRIM, Capt. Royal Garrison Artillery. Died of disease at Cape Town, May 15th, 1900.
- S. ROBERTSON, Capt. 3rd Battalion Royal Highlanders; attached to the 14th Hussars. Died of disease at Kroonstadt, June 1st, 1900.
- E. H. ELTON, Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry. Died of disease, June 10th, 1900.
- W. B. L. ALT, Lieut. City Imperial Volunteers. Killed at Diamond Hill, near Pretoria, June 12th, 1900.
- W. S. LUCE, 2nd-Lieut. 82nd Battery Royal Field Artillery. Killed at Diamond Hill, June 12th, 1900.
- G. F. R. PRICHARD, Lieut. Lincolnshire Regt. Killed at Nitral's Nek, July 11th, 1900.
- E. Q. ROBERTSON, Capt. King's Own Scottish Borderers. Killed near Stephanusdrai, July 29th, 1900.
- E. LUCAS, Capt. Natal Carbineers. Died of disease at Durban, August 7th, 1900.
- W. F. BUDGETT, Sergt. Vol. Co. Gordon Highlanders. Died of wounds, September 8th, 1900.
- H. W. TAYLOR, Capt. Royal Horse Artillery. Killed near Machadodorp, October 13th, 1900.
- H. K. ATTFIELD, Lieut. The Sherwood Foresters. Killed near Ventersburg Road Station, October 14th, 1900.

- O. J. WEAVER, Canadian Mounted Rifles. Killed at Nooitgedacht, October 22nd, 1900.
- W. L. D. BAILLIE, Capt. Royal Scots Fusiliers. Killed at Frederickstad, October 25th, 1900.
- W. A. G. WILLIAMS, D.S.O., Lieut. South Wales Borderers. Killed near Bothaville, November 5th, 1900.
- W. C. LUCE, Lieut. Vol. Co. Wiltshire Regt. Died of enteric at Springfontein, February 11th, 1901.
- A. G. A. HAGGARD, Scottish Horse. Killed at Naauwpoort, April 4th, 1901.
- F. H. OGSTON, Imperial Light Horse. Killed at Riet Kuil, near Klerksdorp, April 17th, 1901.
- J. P. MACDOUGALL, Lieut. 28th Battery Royal Field Artillery. Killed at Vlakfontein, May 29th, 1901.
- F. K. WHITE, The Electrical Engineers. Died of disease at Klerksdorp, October 23rd, 1901.
- T. F. G. OGLE, Lieut. Royal Fusiliers. Accidentally drowned at Pretoria, October 30th, 1901.
- R. A. BLANDY, Capt. Colonial Defence Force. Killed near Molteno, November 22nd, 1901.
- L. L. PILE, Major East Lancashire Regt. Died of enteric at Heilbron, December 4th, 1901.
- G. CAMPBELL, Major Liverpool Regt. Died of disease at Middelburg, March 4th, 1902.
- A. W. PACK-BERESFORD, Brevet Major Royal Artillery; with South African Constabulary. Died of enteric, March 5th, 1902.
- C. A. RHODES, Sergt. British South Africa Police. Killed at Klip Drift, March 7th, 1902.
- A. E. A. COWAN, 2nd-Lieut. 2nd Dragoon Guards (Queen's Bays). Died of enteric at Elandsfontein, April 11th, 1902.

THE MEMORIAL.

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IN May, 1901, a meeting of Old Cliftonians, presided over by the Bishop of Hereford, was held to consider what should be done to commemorate the Old Cliftonians who died in the South African War. The consideration of the subject was referred to a Committee, constituted as follows: The Bishop of Hereford, the Head Master, the Head of the School, Colonel Lloyd Payne, D.S.O., Lieut.-Colonel H. N. C. Heath, Major F. L. Lloyd, Mr. A. W. Paul, C.I.E., Mr. J. E. McTaggart, Mr. H. S. Hall, Mr. H. J. Newbolt, Mr. W. Muir, and Mr. Rowland E. Whitehead, who consented to act as Hon. Secretary. It was decided by them, and approved at a general meeting, to erect an architectural monument on the terrace overlooking the Close. The Memorial consists of a four-sided architectural pedestal of Portland stone, designed by Messrs. W. S. Paul and R. C. James, bearing a bronze tablet on each side, and surmounted by a bronze statue of St. George, by Mr. A. Drury, A.R.A. The total height of the pedestal and figure is about twenty feet, the height of the statue being eight feet.

The Memorial is placed on the south side of the Quadrangle, overlooking the Close, occupying much the same position as the old flight of steps. These have been removed, and replaced by a semi-circular flight of steps leading up to the Memorial. A stone balustrade has been erected along the terrace wall from the Chapel to the end of Big School.

The casting of the bronze figure of St. George and the four panels was done by Messrs. J. W. Singer and Sons, Ltd, of Frome; the Portland stone pedestal was worked and carved by Messrs. H. H. Martyn and Co., Ltd., of Cheltenham; the steps and balustrade were erected by Mr. Edwin Clarke, of Fishponds; and the





carving to the pillars was done by Messrs. Davey and Bushell.

On the tablet facing the Close are inscribed the following verses by Henry Newbolt:—

SOUTH AFRICA

1899—1902

CLIFTON

REMEMBER THESE

THY SONS WHO FELL

FIGHTING

FAR OVER SEA

FOR THEY

IN A DARK HOUR

REMEMBERED WELL

THEIR WARFARE

LEARNED OF THEE.

On the remaining three tablets are inscribed the names and ranks of the forty-three Old Cliftonians who fell in the South African War. The statue is a figure of St. George in armour; the armour is of the fifteenth century, the shield is Gothic with the cross of St. George on it.

The Memorial was unveiled by Lord Methuen at 3.30, on Saturday, June 25th, the second day of the Guthrie Commemoration. Four wreaths of bay leaves, made by Mrs. Glazebrook, had been placed by her at the base of the pedestal on behalf respectively of the College Masters, the ladies of the College, the Old Cliftonians, and present members of the School. Covering the inscribed tablet was a Union Jack attached at half-mast to a flag-pole, at the head of which hung a wreath of laurel leaves, intertwined with South African war ribbons, the flag and wreath being sent by the old soldiers of Bristol.

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## FORM OF SERVICE.

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### HYMN.

Lord of our life, and God of our salvation,  
 Star of our night, and Hope of every nation,  
 Hear and receive Thy Church's supplication,  
 Lord God Almighty.

Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armour faileth,  
 Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth,  
 Lord, o'er Thy Rock nor death nor hell prevaiileth,  
 Grant us Thy peace, Lord.

Grant us Thy help till foes are backward driven,  
 Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven,  
 Grant peace on earth, and after we have striven,  
 Peace in Thy heaven.

### COLLECT FOR ALL SAINTS' DAY.

O Almighty God, Who hast knit together Thine elect in one communion and fellowship, in the mystical body of Thy Son Christ our Lord; grant us grace so to follow Thy blessed Saints in all virtuous and godly living, that we may come to those unspeakable joys, which Thou hast prepared for them that unfeignedly love Thee; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

O God, Who hast appointed various orders of men to do service in various ways, we thank Thee for these our comrades who, when called to serve their country in the ranks of war, proved faithful unto death. We pray Thee to hasten the time when the Gospel of Christ shall so rule the hearts of men that wars may cease in all the world. Until that blessed day shall unite all men as brothers, we beseech Thee to endow us and our countrymen with the spirit of duty, of courage, and of patriotism, without which no nation can be strong against the assaults of enemies. And grant us grace that we may never unsheathe the sword but in the cause of righteousness. This we ask through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

### THE LORD'S PRAYER.

## HYMN.

O God, our help in ages past  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home!

Beneath the shadow of Thy Throne  
Thy Saints have dwelt secure;  
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received its frame,  
From everlasting Thou art God,  
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight  
Are as an evening gone;  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising sun.

Time like an ever rolling stream  
Bears all its sons away;  
They fly forgotten as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be Thou our guide while life shall last,  
And our eternal home!

## COLLECT FOR EASTER DAY.

Almighty God, Who through Thine only-begotten Son Jesus Christ hast overcome death, and opened unto us the gate of everlasting life; we humbly beseech Thee, that, as by Thy special grace preventing us, Thou dost put into our minds good desires, so by Thy continual help we may bring the same to good effect; through Jesus Christ our Lord, Who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end. *Amen.*

## THE BLESSING.

After the service the Lord Bishop of Hereford said he had a double duty to perform. First of all it was his duty as Chairman of the Memorial Committee of Old Cliftonians formally to hand over to the keeping of the Council of the College that beautiful Memorial which they saw before them ; and in so doing he desired to tender on behalf of the Committee and the Council of the School their grateful thanks to the artists, architects, and sculptor for so enriching the lives of generations to come by the influence which that monument would exercise over, they trusted, an untold number of boys, and help them to be worthy of those whose names were there recorded. His second duty was formally to request General Lord Methuen to unveil the monument, and to express the most sincere feelings of gratitude, on behalf of all those who were connected with the College, to Lord Methuen for coming amongst them that day to perform the ceremony.

General Lord Methuen said he had in the first place to acknowledge the honour that was conferred upon him that day by asking him to perform that sad ceremony of unveiling the Memorial to those Old Cliftonians who had died for their country's sake in the late campaign in South Africa. He looked upon it as the birthright of an Old Cliftonian to be standing in the place he was standing, and he could only assume that those who were of his own rank might be serving at the present moment in India and elsewhere. In addition to the officers who were close to him then, and who as Old Cliftonians had performed work worthy both of their country and their old School, he would touch upon only two who were absent whose merits he did most distinctly know. In the first place he alluded to Colonel Haig, the right-hand man of Sir John French during his successful career and all the time he was in South Africa, and of whom as a comrade he might say the British Army was proud, as a man who had zeal, ability, and a charm of manner. In the second place, he alluded to Colonel Birdwood, who was his intimate friend and constant

companion in the Tirah campaign, and the beau idéal of what a British officer and an English gentleman should be. It seemed to him, both as a soldier and an Englishman, that there was no duty they could ask their countrymen to do more urgent or more important than the duty they called upon schoolmasters to perform, of inculcating into their pupils—the youth of England—those feelings of patriotism which were absolutely essential to this country if the voluntary system was to continue. Boys at a public school must realise that, and if he could not from his heart find a way into their ears it was not the least use his speaking one word more. Those who worked with the Church Lads' Brigade and the Cadet Corps told the public school boys that whatever they did that was creditable reflected upon their school, and that if they did an act of which they felt ashamed that was also reflected upon their school. The privilege they had the youth of England had not all got, and it was therefore to the public schools the youth of England looked for the example of what the youth, and later the manhood, of England must be. To masters he would say that there was no way in which they could appeal to the patriotism of a school better than endeavouring to get every boy in the school to belong to the volunteer corps. He did not want to say an unkind word to them, and no one appreciated more than he did the value of athletic sports in any public school; but he did say this—he thought a boy, however successful as an athlete, who would not step an inch out of his way to give help to his country—he might be giving help to his school as far as athletics were concerned, but he was not doing much good for the defence of his country. What did they see in the past? The eighteenth, the nineteenth, and the twentieth centuries were much of a muchness as far as war was concerned. They had not much encouragement from civilisation to let their swords rust in their scabbards. They had to look forward to the future, and they had to do their utmost to be prepared in peace if they were to be successful in war. And, unless they chose to throw

away millions when war broke out, they must set to work day by day and week by week to make their system of defence perfect. Therefore it was he had spoken to them these words. Cliftonians who went into the army would find that the officer was given a far freer hand, and a far happier time, than he ever had in days gone by. But with that freedom was given him a far greater responsibility, and much more was required of him. They might, however, rest assured as they went on so would zeal and ability get encouragement to go straight to the front. And those lads who did not intend to make the army their profession, who would seek their fortunes in civil life, let this monument always appeal to them, and tell them what old Clifton volunteers did for their country. Might this Memorial be an encouragement to patriotism, not only to Cliftonians who heard him, but those who were to come.

The Memorial was then unveiled, and the General and cadets saluted, while the buglers played "The Last Post."

Canon Glazebrook remarked that the monument so graciously unveiled for them by Lord Methuen was the fruit of a good many efforts, and he wanted in a very few words to make them realise that first of all there was the Old Cliftonians' Society, led and inspired by Mr. Rowland Whitehead, who had collected the necessary funds, and they owed, especially to Mr. Whitehead, a great tribute of thanks. And then there were the architects, Messrs. Paul and James, who had thrown into the work—the designing of that noble pedestal—not only the skill of the sculptor, but the enthusiasm of the Old Cliftonian. No one who had seen, as he had, how they had come up day after day to watch over it with tender care, could help feeling their whole hearts had been in the work. And then they had to thank Mr. Drury for producing that grand embodiment of patriotism, the figure of St. George, which they trusted would be an inspiration for many years to come. He did not think it was possible to imagine a figure more

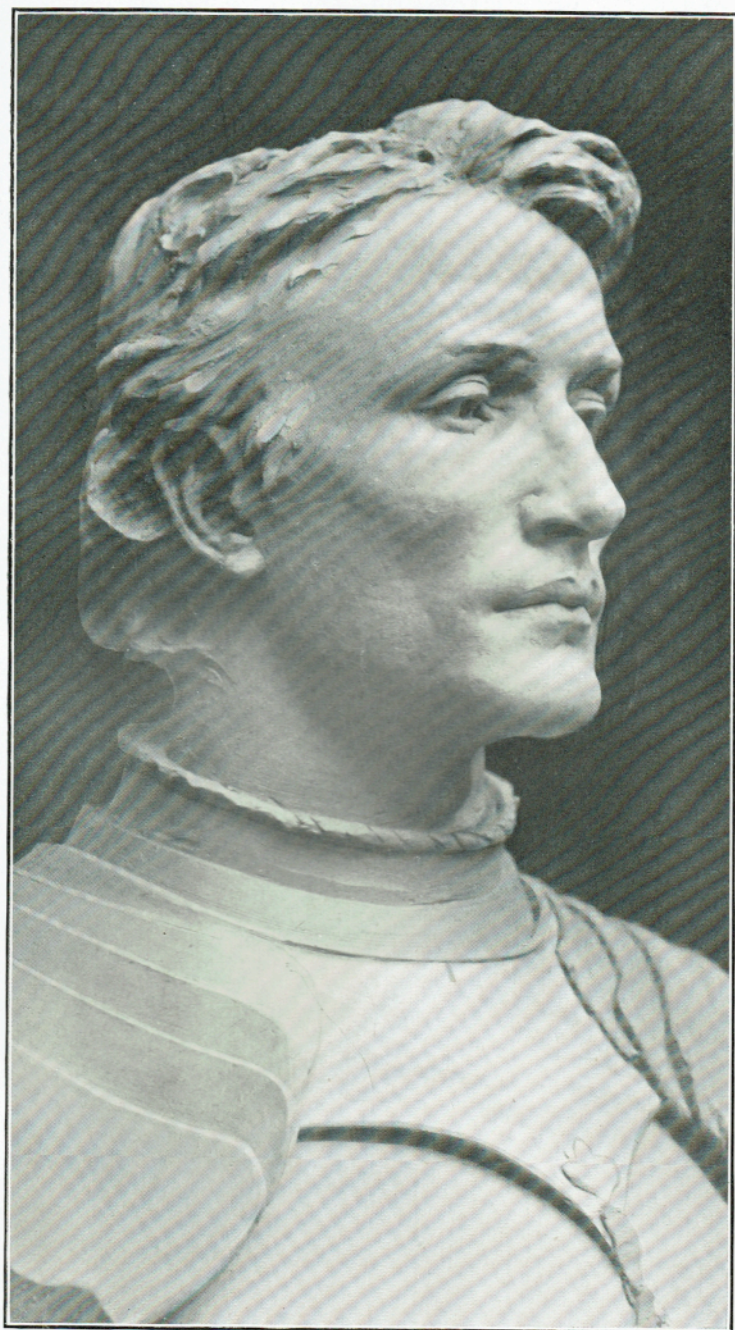




suitable for their purpose, which was that the School should have before it a continual reminder that chivalry was one of the first duties of life. Beneath the feet of the statue there was a noble quatrain by their own poet, Mr. Newbolt, of the words of which he need not say more than that they were worthy of the position which they occupied. They would wish him, he knew, to add a word of thanks to the contractors and to the workmen, whose punctuality and courtesy and zeal were beyond all praise. And for their ceremony that day they owed much of its success to the presence and encouragement of the Lord Mayor and the Master of the Merchant Venturers (Mr. Allan McArthur), who represented that permanent union between the city of Bristol and Clifton College of which they as a College were so proud. The Lord Bishop of Bristol never allowed himself to be thanked, and as in duty bound he abstained; but he was sure they would wish him to know his lordship's gracious presence with them that day was regarded by all of them as one more and a very large item in the debt of gratitude they owed him for his thoughtful interest and kindness to the College. And now he had the honour of offering on their behalf, and on behalf not only of that large assembly, but of all Cliftonians in England and in all parts of the world, who by degrees at least would know of that day, the warmest thanks to Lord Methuen for gracing that ceremony with his presence and inspiring words. It was no little matter that, in spite of a new and onerous and most responsible duty, which might well absorb his whole energy, his lordship had found time to keep an old engagement and come there that day. Many of their Old Cliftonians had served under him, and were proud to do so. Some of them were there that afternoon, some were represented in the monument, and there were others scattered over the world; but there was not one whose heart would not be thrilled when he knew that Lord Methuen was there that day. He was loved not only by his officers, but by his men, and they

could understand something of it after hearing the words he had addressed to them all, and above all to the School, words which would sink deep into the hearts of all of them, and if he might speak for the masters, not least into the hearts of the masters. They realised, and, he hoped, would realise still more, that a public school ought to be a centre of patriotic effort and enthusiasm. They felt that that day had given a special character to that monument, that it would stand in the eyes, at least of each one of them present, not only for all that was beautiful, but for its thoughts of duty, of patriotism, and of devotion, which Lord Methuen's words had set as a seal upon it.

The ceremony was brought to a close by those present singing a verse of the National Anthem.





## LOOKING SOUTH.

High o'er the College Close it stands,  
Fronting the scenes they loved so well,  
And—far away—those southern lands,  
Where for the right they fought and fell:  
And "Thus shall ye," it seems to say,  
"Go forth, whene'er your country call,  
Quit ye as nobly in the fray,  
And, if God wills, as nobly fall.

"For they were such as ye in years,  
The same keen joys and sorrows felt,  
Had the same hopes, knew the same fears,  
At the same Chapel altar knelt;  
'Twas here they learned the generous fight,  
To merge their own in others' fame,  
To win—and wear success aright,  
And still contest a losing game.

"And here, from foreign climes afar,  
On the wide veldt, in watches late,  
'Neath many an alien silent star,  
On weary march, or wearier wait,  
Aye, when the battle round them burned,  
And screaming shells shrill havoc tore—  
Here, in a flash, their thoughts returned,  
And lived again some scene of yore.

"Here now once more—though gone are they—  
I, the own image of their love,  
While the old pastimes yet ye play,  
Watch from my columned height above;  
Watch through the quiet summer eve  
Your white forms moving on the green,  
And, when for House and home ye leave,  
Stay sentry o'er the sacred scene—

“ And mark the well-remembered chimes  
Toll the dim quarters as they pass,  
And see the shadows of the limes  
Grow longer on the yellowy grass :  
Till from high Tower and Chapel die  
The last flush-hues of rosy light,  
And the gloom gathers round, and I  
Stand looking Southward through the night.”



